

Artist

May your nights be slappy and hale,
and all your Christmases be pale!

Like another draft for that weak one?

I tend to hold with the first in perpetuity.

How's that work out?

Doesn't but you're quickly onto something else.

One critic says you're genius!

Other morons disagree,

We can all agree that you're running out of time.

That's why I can't think! Only perform!